

A Collection
of
SONGS,
With the Musick,
by
M^r Leveridge.

In Two Volumes.



LONDON
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the Author in Tavistock-street,
Covent-Garden.

(1727)

Cleora.

1.

God of Love at thy Altar no more weiden
ploring, Bright Cleora all Hearts are adoring, Bright Cle
ora Bright Cleora all Hearts are a do
ring, Bright Cleora all Hearts are a
do ring.

Venus too must resigne all her
 Treasures, to this Goddess of Beauty, and Plea
 sure.
 God of Love,
 At thy
Da Capo

Rec.
 When she appears upon the Green, in all her
 Luster, all her Mien, The Old, and Young about Her
 Throng, and pay their Homage to Loves Queen.
 But when she sings all Hearts are charmd, Her
 Accents reach the highest Pitch, and Heav'n it self is a
 charm'd.
Air

Air

Sing, Cle-o-ra; Lovely Creature, Charm the
 world with thy Sweet Voice; Sing, Cle-o-ra.
 Charm the world, Charm the world.
 with thy Sweet Voice,

5

Charm the World, Charm the Wor...ld, with
 thy Sweet Voice.
 Hark the Warblers of kind Nature, on the
 dancing, on the dancing Boughs re-
 joice; Hark, the Warblers on the dancing
 Boughs rejoyce. *Da Capo.*

Love's Folly.

11

How shall I cure the smart of my fond wounded
Heart that sighs in vain. How shall I cure the smart of
my fond wounded Heart, sighs in vain. How shall I cure the
smart, of my fond wounded Heart, of my fond wounded
Heart, that sighs in vain, that sighs in vain, of

7

my fond wounded my fond wounded heart, that sighs in
vain.
when I make I love she fools me. and when I'd go she
pulls me, she pulls me back she pulls me back a gain. she
pulls me back she pulls me back a... gain. D.C.

The following words to be sung
to the Notes of the first part.

*Yet there's a pleasure still,
Thus to obey her will,
And wear her Chain.*

Life a Bubble.

III

Since the Day of poor Man, that little, little

Span, the long it can't last for the future, and past, is

Spent with remorse and despair, pair, with such a full

Glass, with such a full Glass let that let that of Life pass:

'Tis made up of Trouble a Storm, the a Bubble, there is

Bliss, there is no Bliss like forgetting for getting our care.

Good Advice.

III

Why all this whining, why all this

Pining, Love is a Folly and Beauty is

Vain. Nothing so common, as Wealth and

Women, To raise the Vapours and so Dull the

Brain; In him that's Merry, That's Relick and

Airy. Nothing is grievous nor Nothing is

Sad: Then rouse thy Spirit, and
take of thy Clarret, in one Smiling Bumper a
cures to be had. Then rouse thy Spirit, and
take of thy Clarret in one Smiling
Bumper a cures to be had.

*If Cloe fly thee,
And still deny thee,
Never look Sneaking nor never repine,
If tis her fault only,
To slight your passion,
Then seem not easy and deny her thine,
Yet pity woe her,
And closely pursue her,
Or she'll prove a Tyrant and Laugh if to scorn,
When she seems wretched,
Cowardish and proudish,
Then give her her humour and let her begin.*

*When next you meet her,
Again intreat her,
And if you find still she'll make you her tool,
Nere let it vex you,
Or once perplex you,
She'll soon repent it and find whose the fool,
Then to requite her,
Despise her and slight her,
And what you comended, do much discomend,
But if love grieve thee,
And still will not leave thee,
Then can love thy self first, and next love thy friend.*

Flute

Cloc.

V *Cloc*, sure the Gods above, for our Toys, did
 you compose *Cloc* sure the Gods above, for our
 Toys, did you compose, Grace full as the Queen of
 Love, was... unt as the Billing Dove, fra
 grant as the blowing Rose, grace... still
 as the Queen of Love, was... ion as the Billing Dove,

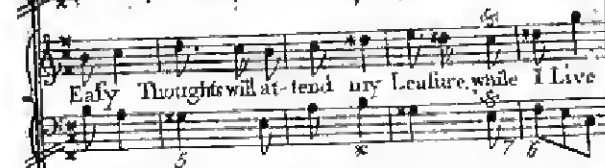
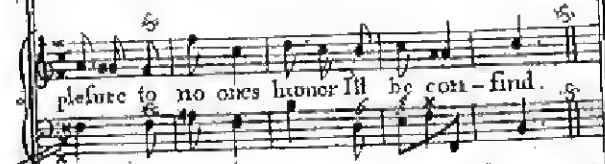
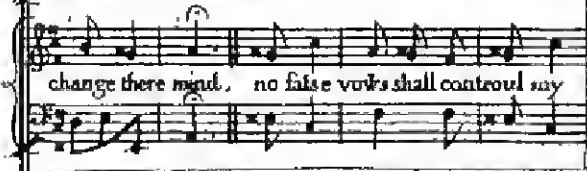
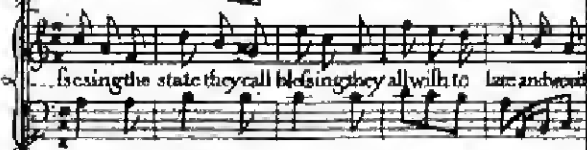
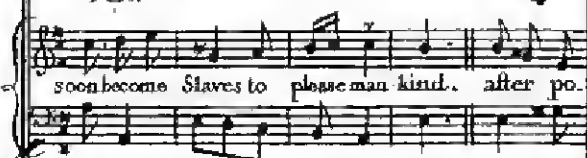
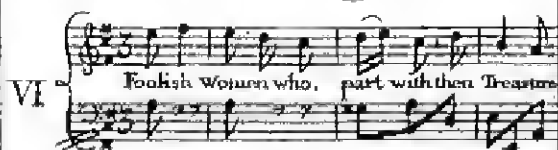
13

fragrant as the blow.....ing Role.
 Wit, and Beauty both we find fri...ving
 which shall arm..... you most
 doubly *Cloc* thus you bind, doubly *Cloc* e
 thus you bind, doubly *Cloc* thus you bind,
 Had not Nature made you kind. We a. lals

43



The Maids Resolution



Flute



*The Message.**Slow*

VII

Send home my long strayed Eyes to me, which

Oh too long have dwelt on thee, send home my long strayed

Eyes to me, which oh too long have dwelt on thee.

But if from you they learnt such ill, to sweetly

smile, and then beguile, keep the deceivers

keep em still.

2

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forget both,
Its word and oath,
Keep it for then tis none of mine.

3

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
That I may see, and know thy lies,
That I one day may laugh when thou,
Shall grieve for one,
Thy Love will scorn,
And prove as false as thou art now.

Flute

Slow


The Rose.

VIII

Sylvia behold that
new blown Rose

Sylvia behold that
new blown Rose the Image, the Image of thy Blush, the
Image of thy Blush, the Image of thy Blush.

Mark how it studds up on the Bush and
triumphs as it grows and triumphs as it grows and

triumphs as it grows.

Oh pluck it not, well come a non thou
say it a lark will then begin, now its purple Beauties
spread, soon it will droop and fall, and soon it
will be not at all, no fine things draw a length of thread.
That

Fragrant Gleaning that Blushing Blowing me...

thinks does seem to say, come on... come on... and

take me while you may, come on... come on...

come on, and take me while you may, come on...

come on, come on, and

take me while you may, come on, come on, and

take me while you may...

Then use your Time...

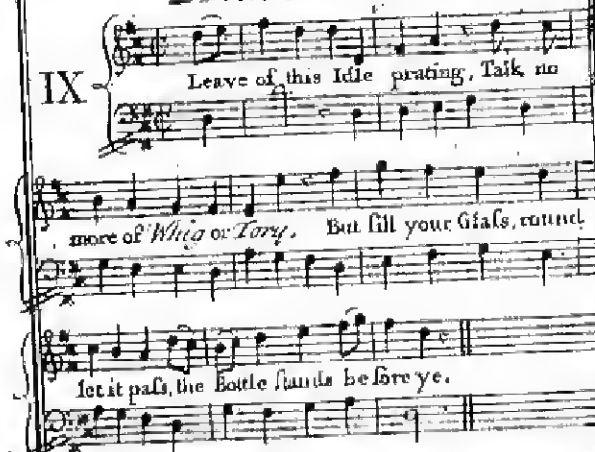
Then use your Time, whilst in your Prime the

Chorus of Beauty will decay...

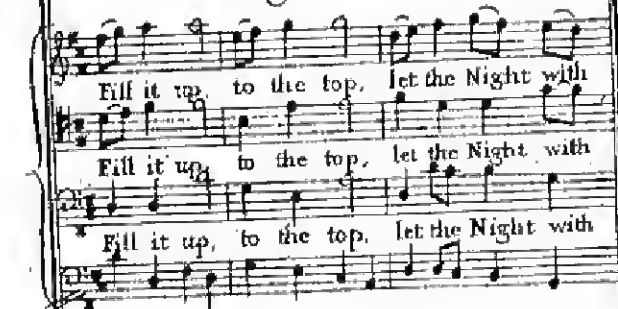
The Chorus of Beauty will decay, D.C.

Drink and agree.

IX



Leave of this Idle prating, Talk no
more of Whig or Tory. But fill your Glasses round.
let it pass, the Bottle stands before ye.

Chorus


Fill it up, to the top, let the Night with
Fill it up, to the top, let the Night with
Fill it up, to the top, let the Night with



Mirth be Crown'd, drink a bout, see it out.
Mirth be Crown'd, drink a bout, see it out.
Mirth be Crown'd, drink a bout, see it out.
Love and friendship still go round.
Love and friendship still go round.
Love and friendship still go round.

2

*We gain both life and pleasure
By Love and hearty drinking.
While Statesmen plot,
And Wink, and nod,
To kill themselves with thinking.*

*Chor:
Till it be.*

3

If any are so Ldous,
To be a party's Minion,
Let em drink like me,
They'l soon agree,
And be of one opinion.

Chor.
Fill it &c.

4

If Claret be a blessing,
This night devote to pleasure.
Let State affairs,
And Worldly cares,
Attend us at more leisure.

Chor.
Fill it &c.



The Lover Resolv'd.

X Phillis your fals hood I see and despise, nor
more will I how like a Slave to those Eyes,
You may smile on, and deceive other hearts, now
mine bids de-fiance to Love and his darts.

2

*When the Composer
of the Piece.*

Hence my Devotion I'll pay to God Mars,
He will reward all my Toils in the Wars;
He shall Command me, and Fame I'll pursue,
Then farewell proud Min: & for ever adieu.

3

When I return, full of Riches, and Fame,
I'll find some Girl, that is worthy my Name,
Her will I court, and she shall be my Queen,
Whilst thou, like a fool, dye with Envy & spleen.

Disdain Retorted.

XI. Cle. O. ra, by your proud disdain the heart that long has
 dra.....gd your Quia is free is free a gain / No,
 no mistaken fair one know mistaken fair one know, Love's fire does
 is till tip with kisses, never, never, never, never kindle.
 Hearts Adieu, vain Beautious
 Tyrant, see thy angry Flames, thus thrown at me, be-

to..... on thee; For know it
 is de-creed proud fair, Iner must die, by any
 scorching, but a melting Eye. none proud fair,
 Iner must die, by any scorching, but a
 me..... 6 5 7 6 7 6 7 6 6 1-ning
 Eye. Eye.

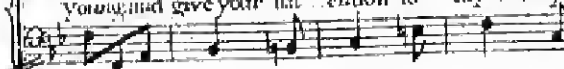
A Yorkshire Tale.

XII.

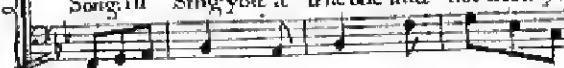
Come hither good People both Aged and



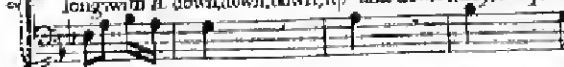
Young; and give your all attention to my Merry



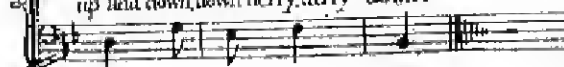
Song; I'll Sing you a true one and not hold you



long with a down, down, down, up and down derry, derry, derry,



up and down, down derry, derry down.



2

A Person there was and whose Name I could tell,
But if I do not it may be full as well,
Whose Wife did all Yorkshire in Beauty excel,
with a down.

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Slew,
Her Hair curling Shorn, and like jet it did show,
Which often denotes 'tis the same thing below,
with a down.

An upright young Spark she had smitten so deep,
Nor day had he got, nor night could he sleep,
Which made him think how to her bed he should creep,
with a down.

At last he wanted, and then did unbend,
His mind to a Brother; but here a good friend,
Who said fear not that, thou shalt compass thy end,
with a down.

In Woman's Apparell, dress out and be gay,
I'll venture my life with, with be a ride way,
If you consider, but to what I shall say,
with a down.

And thus to Old Task, was this couple red out,
Dear Doctor says Frank, how a thing to be done,
Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own,
with a down.

This Lady that long has Love's passion desy'd,
And all my address so often desy'd,
Will now make me happy, by being my bride,
with a down.

'Tis past the Canonical hour said he,
And till the next morning you know it can't be,
And then I'll attend you Sir, most readily,
with a down.

Says Frank, I confide, Sir you are perfectly right,
But here has the hardship now and while its light,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to night,
with a down.

Take no care of that Sir, for this it shall be,
The Lady if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall live with my Dearest and you live with me,
with a down.

You so much oblige me in what you now say,
I hope in return I shall find out away,
Such generous kindness, with thanks to repay,
with a down.

¹³
This being agreed on both Sides did consent,
To put the Glass round and the Evening was spent,
In Mirth and good Chere then to bed they all went,
with a down.

¹⁴
No sooner in bed than but with a bold grace,
Wrote full of desire thus opened the case,
Dear Madam says he must — then did embrace,
with a down.

¹⁵
Confounded the Lay and not able to Speak,
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and Dick,
But at last she was pleas'd with the frolick and Trick,
with a down.

¹⁶
He pleas'd her so well that transported she lay,
Conversing and Plotting for his Longer stay,
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next day,
with a down.

¹⁷
This Lady my dearest last night full of grief,
Of hug'd me and told me I last for my life,
Consent do I've promised him to be his wife,
with a down.

¹⁸
To Morrow said she and then freely went on,
Tho I Love him my heart tells me I must be gone,
If so the poor Man you know may be undone,
with a down.

¹⁹
Now how to prevent this I'll think of away,
If I can persuade her some time hear to stay,
And that's a good Office I'm sure you will say,
with a down.

²⁰
Tis so my dear Creature pray doe what you can,
To please her and bring her to humour again,
And I'll doe my best to divert the poor Man,
with a down.

²¹
The Plot so well taken made both their hearts bound,
All night and all day to whom ever they sound,
Convenience for possume her pleasure he crown'd
with a down.

²²
And thus my friend Watt his full smirg did obtain
The Wh to it to anpossum whole week did reign,
And the Man near the wouse had his share had again,
with a down.

The downy down only where it meets a w

The present Quersum about.

Violin.

XII

Now let's frolick sport and play,

Now let's frolick sport and play, be merry be airy, be

merry be airy, be merry be airy, be merry be airy, and

Revel whilst we may and Re...

vel whilst we may and Re...

vel whilst we may

Since

Time has allotted a measure, to heighten our lives with a

pleasure, the present Occasion O... boy... The

present Occasion O boy...

The present Occasion O boy. D.C.

The Swallow.

XIII

British postler what dost thou so early at my
 Window do, with thy tuncel's Serenade, window do with thy
 tuncel's Serenade, well had been had Terius made the
 dumb; had Terius made the dumb, as Philomel, there
 there! there! there! his Knife had done but well.
 In thy tuncel's covered Nest, thou dost all the Winter

rest and Dreamest on thy Sinner's joys,
 free from the sto... my seasons noise,
 free from the Ills, free from the Ills thou'st done to
 me, who, who disturbs who dis-turbs or seeks out
 thee, Hadst thou all the Charming notes of the
 Woods Poeti-ck Throats, Hadst thou all the

Charming Notes, of the woods Peevish Throats,
 all thy art could never pay, what thou'st taen from
 me a way, all thy art could ne...ver, ne...ver
 pay, what thou'st taen from me a...way. *Rec.* Cruel
 Bird thou'st taen a way, a Dream out of my Arms to
Fine
 Day, a Dream that neer must equal'd be, by all that

walking Eyes may see. Thou this Damage
 to repair, nothing half so sweet or fair, nothing half so
 good canst bring the Men say thou bringst the Spring.
 Thou this Damage to repair, nothing half so sweet or fair,
 nothing half so good canst bring; the Men say thou
 bringst the Spring. *From Canterbury*

Love's best Proof

Rec.

XV

Leave off this sawning whining

Stuff through all your wiles, I plainly

see you play the Lover well enough. But that a

lone won't do with me.

Air

To tell me you are in Love that I am all you

want that I am all, that I am all you want and

that you'll constant prove. I Laugh

I Laugh at that Old

cant. I La

ugh. I Laugh at that Old cant.

No, no

no if you'll transport me with the *Rice* you must
 court me with the *Rice* you must court me tis shining Gold must
 prove, must prove your faith in Love, tis
 shining Gold must pro...ve your faith in
 Love. D.C.

Age
 XVI Off I'm by the Women sold, Poor An...
 a - creon Poor An - a - creon thou growst old,
 thou growst old, Lebow thy Hair archa... King
 all, lee, lee Poor An - a - creon Poor An...
Rec.
 a - creon thou growst old, whether I grow old or
 no, by effects I do not know this I know without being

told, tis time to Live, tis ti... me to Live, tis
time to Live if I grow old,
tis time short Pleasures now to take of little Life the
best to make, and manage Wi... sely
the last stake. tis time short Pleasures now to take, of
little Life the best to make, and manage Wi...

sely the last stake.

Flute

Rec. Tone

sely the last stake.

Airs

The Biter Bit.

XVII

When Strephon in Cloe made Love his pre-
tence, 'twas all but a sham, his chief Aim was her
pence. For Twelve thousand pounds the Sly Gipsie did
pals, and He topt as much. He topt as much with an
Impudent Face.

2

And thus for a while they both lay on the catch,
Till at length they consorted, and struck up a match.
But soon to their cost for all their deep wit,
He found himself bitt, She found her self bit.

3

Such Wedlocks a banter if wife make
no doubt,
And those that get in would be glad to
get out,
Twas ever confest since the World first
began,
Your Fortunes are bites & so bite
as bite can.

4

Soldier and Coozon, Lawyer & Squire,
Both sexes for Money each other admire,
All spread out their snare in hopes to
trapan,
The Worlds all a cheat, & so cheat as
cheat can.

Flute

The Tickle Fair

XVIII

How Court Do rinda, who the Devil would

ever prove so tame a lot. If you are kind, then Shee Un-

civil When you would Love, then Shee will not. To Contra-

dict is all Her Pleasure, Her utmost virtue to De ny

Her modesty that boasted Treasure, Is to give Her

Self the Lye. Then neer Mistaken Youth stand doating on

Woman for her Beauties sake, Then neer Mistaken

Youth stand doating on woman for her Beauties sake, nor for a silly

Faze lie Floating which shall not give no, no, no, which shall not give

but you may take, Summon out all the Powers within her

Then boldly push, boldly push she can't withstand, you'll

Find the surest way the surest way to win her is to En-gage

Is to Engage with Sword in Hand, to En ga
 ge with Sword in Hand, Hand.
*Within the Compass
 of the Flute.*

Flute

To the following Song,

The Toast

XIX Long live the Lads that's allways frank & easy, do
 lighting still to please ye. Long live the Lads, Long live the
 Lads, To such a Girl there's no one here I dare to swear will
 prove a Quail, If kindness be the Soul of Love as doubtless all a
 prove the Soul of Love as all a prove, Then Closes charms I'll ever
 hoast and she shall be^c Toast.

The Faeries.

XX Now the hungry Lions roar, and howling Wolves be
hold the Moon, Now the heavy Plowmen snore after daily
Labours done, Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round
ever sacred be this ground.

2^d Fairy Now the Bronds of Fire do glow,
Whist the Scritch Owl Stretching loud,
Put the witch that lyes in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Trip it &c.

3^d Fairy Now it is the time of night,
That the Graves are gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his Spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
Trip it &c.

4

4th Fairy And we Faies that do run,
By the Triple Heavens team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Trip it &c.

5

5th Fairy Tho we stick let no mouse,
Or boarding bird or beast of prey,
Disturb the quiet of this house,
But downy sleep bring on day,
Trip it &c.

6

6th Fairy Weaving Spiders come not here,
Spotted Snakes do no offence,
Beetles black approach not near,
Worm and snail be far from hence,
Trip it &c.

7

7th Fairy By the dead and drowsy fire,
Every Elf and Fairy Spright,
Hop as little Bird from brier,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light,
Trip it &c.

8

8th Fairy Now join all your warbling notes,
In Chorus of Sweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your fairy throats,
Sing and Dance it Trippingly,
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
Ever sacred be this ground.

Chorus

Ghorys

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace, we will sing &

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace we will sing

blest this place, Hand in hand with Fairy grace we will sing,

Let's this place hand in hand, with Fairy grace we will mix.

bleſs this place,

bles this place.

Hand in hand with Fairy grace,

Hand in hand, with airy grace,

we will sing and bleſs this place. Hand in hand with Fairy grace

* we will sing and bless this place Hand in hand wth Fairy grace

we will sing and bless this place.

we will sing and bless this place.

2 Vol.

Mr.

Mr

Plenty pallions and sweet peace daily in this House increases

Plenty pasture and sweet peace, daily in this House increase

Flute *2*
Then shall I sing

Flute *3*
Then shall I sing

Flute *4*
Then shall I sing

Flute *5*
Then shall I sing

Flute
Howl'dst thou

Flute
Leave of this famine

Flute
Come hither

63

Flute

Flute
Come hither

Flute
Come hither

Flute

Adagio
by *Wm. J. Ames*

Finis

An *Audition*. By Mr. Morris Appin. Dedicated to Mr. J. Ames.

Spring in its bloom, with Flora's vest,
A-re lovely June, with roses drest,
Look like fair Sally's snowy neck,
Like Sally's breast, and rosy cheek:
Yes, beauty's with polkenc's join'd,
Virtue, and wife Minerva's mind.

I-a vain I write my artist's verse,
Nor half her praise can I rehearse,
Can the choice flowers of the field,
E-v'n all combin'd, more sweets yield?
No; though the to vain earth is giv'n,
Those beauties were deriv'd from heav'n.

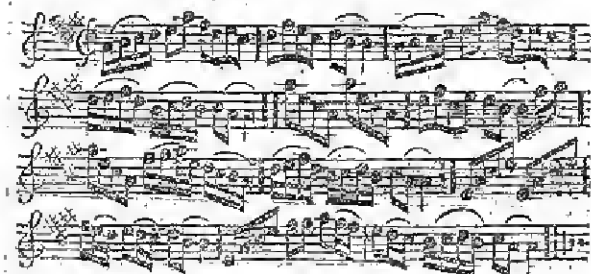
Observations on a Gentlewoman, working by an Hour-Glass.

The Words by Ben Johnson. Set to Music by Mr. Leveidge.

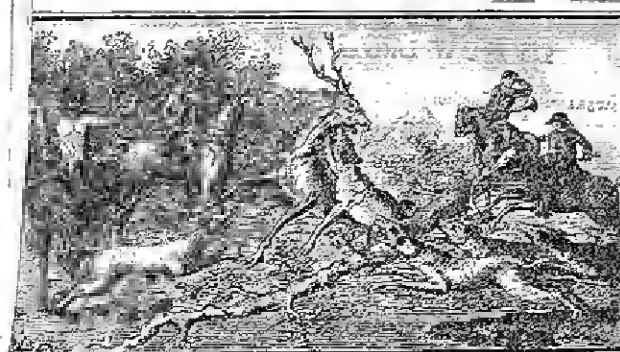
Do not con-si-der this small clock, here run-ning in the
glass, by a-toms mov'd;
Would you be-lieve that this the ho-dy was of
one that lov'd, and in his em-brace flames,
play-ing like a fly, was turn-ed in-to cin-ders?



A New COUNTRY DANCE.
Miss BETSEY THOUGHTLESS.



First and second men lead through the sides and turn π ; their partners do the same π ; first couple gallop down, and couple gallop back again, and cast off π ; the second couple do the same π ; the first couple cross over and half figure, and right and left quite round π .



The return from the Chace.

Set by Mr. Ferridge.



The day round before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry;
(Then follow, follow, follow, follow,
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure and Vigour
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport when over
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh charms for night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the Night,
As our sports crown the Day.

Flute

